FOR THE MINISTRY
California

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold!
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and full of pride uphold,—
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth,—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms maybe.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long;
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art,
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."—EPHESIANS iii. 14–15.

Jesus was never so much one with his disciples as when he was no longer with them; they were never so widely severed from them as when, with unawakened and dim-discerning heart, they lingered around him with eyes so holden that they did not know him.

The nearest in person may be the farthest in soul; they may eat at the same table and morning and night exchange greetings and partings, yet each remain outside the spirit of the other. But where the inner being,—rather than the mere outer,—has been passed together, and we have found in some heart the appointed confessional for the doubts and strifes and resolves of our nature, no amount of land or water can break the tie. The pity and trust, the placid memories, the joint courage to bear the solemn weight of life, which enrich a present love, may consecrate the absent, too. Nay, distance may even set a human life in truer and more affectionate aspect before us, by stripping off its trivialities and bringing out its essential features.

With the boldness of a true and inspired nature, the Apostle Paul gives an immeasurable extension to this thought, and speaks of one family, distributed between heaven and earth. There is, it seems, a love that cannot be lost amid the immensity but finds the surest track across the void, a home affinity that penetrates the skies; and it is Jesus of Nazareth who has effected this. He has entered under the same household name, and formed into the same class the dwellers above and those beneath. Spirits there and spirits here are gathered by him into one group.

Members of the same home cannot dwell together without either the memory or the expectation of some farewell. Families are forever forming, forever breaking up. All we who dwell in this visible scene can think of kindred souls that have vanished from us into the invisible. These, in the first place, does Jesus keep dwelling near our hearts, making still one family of those in heaven and those on earth.

This he would do, if by no other means, by the prospect which he has opened of actual restoration. The most distant promise of a renewed embrace is sufficient to keep alive an unforgetful love. Faith and Love, while they whisper to each other the words *Meet again*, can watch and toil with wondrous patience, with spirit fresh and true. And, since now the grave can bury no affections, but only the familiar, mortal shape of their object, death has changed its aspect and relation to us. We may regard it, not with passionate hate, but with quiet reverence.

Jesus himself spoke much, before the crucifixion, of his reunion with the disciples. It was his favorite topic throughout that parting night,—the subject now of promise, now of prayer,—the vision from which he could never for many moments bear to part. He leaves the impression that it would be very speedy. As to place, his expressions fluctuate between *here* and *there*. . . . But of what concern was this? Did not that hope keep alive within their hearts the divine and gracious image of their Lord, and, at the end of forty years of various toil, still evoke it, beaming and breathing as though it were of yesterday? Worlds above and worlds below; mansions are they all of the great Father's house; and the disciples' greeting would be equally blessed.

So much encouragement Christianity would give if it only assured us of some distant and undefinable restoration. But it appears to me to assure us of much more than this,—to discountenance the idea of any (even the most temporary) extinction of life in the grave, and to sanction our faith in the absolute immortality of the mind. Rightly understood, it teaches not only that the departed *will* live, but that they *do* live, and, indeed, have never died, but simply vanished. Death does not present any serious perplexity to our faith, if it be only the migration of a spirit that has not ceased to live. Thus regarded, it interposes nothing but physical distance between us and the objects of our affection. While we poor wayfarers still toil, with hot and bleeding feet, along the highway and through the dust of life, our companions have but mounted a divergent path to explore God's upper province of creation.

And it is not merely the members of the same literal home that Christ unites in one, whether on earth or in heaven. He makes the good of every age into a glorious family of the children of God, and inspires them with a fellow-feeling, whatever the department of service which they fill. We cannot encounter the great and good in the generations of the past without affectionate curiosity and strong friendship. Christ, himself the discerner of the Samaritan's goodness and the alien's faith, has called the noble dead of history to a better life than they had before, even in this world; their memory is dearer now, their example more productive, their spirit more profoundly understood. The very faith that makes the honored men of old still live, and carry on elsewhere the appointed work of faithful minds, unspeakably deepens our interest in them; enrolls them among our contemporaries; from the lights of memory transfers them to the glories of hope. If Paul, having testified for what a Christ he lived, *shall yet tell us with what a gain he died;* if Isaiah's harp is not really silent but *may fill us soon with the glow of a diviner fire*, with what solemn heart, what reverential hand, shall we open the temporary page by which meanwhile they speak to us from the past!

Even this wide friendship need not entirely close the circle of our fraternity. Beyond the company of the great and good a vast and various crowd is scattered round. Even wandering guilt must be sought for and brought home. Penitence that sits upon the steps must be asked to come within the door. Christ will not remain the head of the *whole* family if its forlorn and outcast members are simply put away and no care is spent to smooth the pathway of return. The affinities of nature lie deeper than the sympathies of taste, and should be accepted as guarantees of the equal tenderness of God.—*James Martineau.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to thy grace
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICE

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things or benefited by the same things.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge 40, Mass. "The Rational Method of Spelling," Ward; "Advanced English Grammar," Harris; "Specimens of Exposition," Lamont; "Constructive Exercises in English"; English Grammars; Geographies; "First Principles in Chemistry," Brownell, Fuller, and others; "Physics," Chute; Children's Music Books; "The Religion of Hope," Philip S. Moxom; "The Lord's Prayer," the last sermon of James Freeman Clarke; "Ethics for Young People," C. C. Everett (autograph copy); "Discourses," Rev. Edward H. Hall; "The Marble Faun," Hawthorne; "The High-Caste Hindu Woman," Ramabai; "Biographies of Illustrious Men," Macaulay and others; "L'Abbé Constantin" (in English), Halévy; "Past and Present," Thomas Carlyle; "Thackeray's Lighter Hours," selections from his minor works; "A Fable for Critics," James Russell Lowell; "The Fair God, A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico," Lew Wallace; "Following the Greek Cross, Civil War Reminiscences," Thomas W. Hyde; "Marmion," Scott; "As You Like It," "Richard III.," "Hamlet," Shakespeare; "Cyrano de Bergerac" (in English), Rostand; "Looking Before and After, Some War-time Essays," Clay MacCauley; "A Pocket Louis Stevenson."

The Brighton Branch offers the following. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Brookline 46, Mass. "The Birds' Christmas Carol," Kate Douglas Wiggin; "The Adventures of Ann," Mary E. Wilkins; "Stories of the King," James Baldwin; "The Story of King Arthur," Dr. Ed. Brooks; "Adrift in New York," Horatio Alger, Jr.; "The Story of the English," H. A. Guerber; "The Hero of Pigeon Camp," Martha James; "Dave Darrin's First Year at Annapolis," H. Irving Hancock; "Knockabout Club in the Everglades," F. A. Ober; "Treasure Island," R. L. Stevenson; Grimm's Household Fairy Tales; "Pickett's Gap," Homer Greene; "Seek and Find," Oliver Optic.

Dr. Julia C. Loos, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, East Liberty Station, Lock Box 19, offers a set of twenty volumes of "Twentieth Century Practice of Medicine," which would be of help to some medical student far from city privileges.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer St., Boston, Mass., offers a collection of copies (prints in black-and-white only) of famous pictures; they will be sent out, in packages of half a dozen pictures each, to readers who may like to have them.

REQUESTS.

1. If any reader has the *Geographic Magazine* for November, 1916, will he please communicate with Mrs. D. O. Nourse, Newburgh, New York, R. D. 300?

2. Mrs. Minnie Little, Oakboro, North Carolina, sends thanks for past favors and asks for *McCall's Magazine*.

3. Mr. W. M. Giles, Frederick, Missouri, asks for *St. Nicholas*, and novels. Mr. Giles distributes and has many calls for light reading.

4. Mrs. W. G. Rucker and her fifteen-year-old daughter will be glad of reading. Address Sandidges, Amherst County, Virginia.

5. The following-named persons would be glad to receive any or all of the works of Shakespeare: Miss Eva Beach, P.O. Box 285, Cañon City, Colorado; Mrs. Josephine H. Merryman, Rustburg, Virginia; Rev. D. J. Bryant, Floyd, Virginia; Randolph A. Innis, P.O. Box 42, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, U.S.A.

6. Mrs. W. M. Patton, of Lansing, North Carolina, would highly appreciate some good story-books for children aged seven, four, and two years.

7. I would be so glad if some one would send me Mr. Moody's "Anecdotes and Illustrations," and any other books. Mrs. Annie Simpson, Farmville, Virginia, Route 5.

8. I beg to thank my Cheerful Letter friends for everything that has been sent me, and I hope they will continue to remember me with magazines, cards, pictures, and reading matter. I pass them along. Mrs. A. Waith, Point Fortin, Trinidad, B.W.I.

9. Miss Claudia Duggins, Madison, North Carolina, Route 3, is anxious to receive a dictionary.

10. Miss Florence A. Langley, 333 Ohio Street, Bangor, Maine, asks for white knitting cotton that she can make into face-cloths; or bits of woollen yarn.

11. Mrs. Lily Cox, Dodson, Virginia, thanks those who sent Christmas remembrances to her seven little fatherless children. She could not thank personally and so takes this method. She will be grateful for "Pilgrim's Progress."

12. I live in a lonely part of the country and I should appreciate any reading matter, as much of the time I am unable to do anything else. I am twenty-four years of age and have two little boys, one aged three and one-half years and the other ten months. I give as reference Rev. R. L. Isbell, Lenoir, North Carolina. Mrs. W. E. Horton, Ferguson, North Carolina.

13. Mrs. M. D. Tannehill, 5 Liberty Street, Charleston, South Carolina, will be grateful for any fashion magazine, and "Jane Eyre" or "Ivory Trail."

14. Miss Margaret McChesney, Stuart's Draft, Virginia, asks for the *Pictorial Review* and *Ladies' Home Journal.*

15. Miss Margaret Moore, Steeles Tavern, Virginia, asks for *Good Housekeeping* and *Ladies' Home Journal.*

16. I should like to receive good books and magazines. I would especially like to have good books for one of my sons who is weakly and cannot get out to work. He likes to read educational works and standard novels so well. Mrs. Sara F. Hall, Endicott, Virginia.

17. Miss Sarah J. Traywick, Marshville, North Carolina, Route 4, would be glad of a history of the United States.

The editor of *The Cheerful Letter* would be glad to hear from Mrs. May D. Jones, of California. Several addresses kindly furnished by friends have proved to be not quite recent enough. Letters sent to those addresses have come back through the post-office.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

In China a doctor is engaged to keep the family well. He would be greatly helped by some knowledge of foods on the part of the mother of the family who plans the meals; for just as a good diet is essential for the maintenance of health, so one that is badly planned causes a lowering of the power of resistance in the body. This gives a chance for disease germs, which are ever present around us, to get a foothold in the body and to develop into some serious condition. Aside from this, improper food is often the cause of much illness.

When a person is sick and under the doctor's care, the doctor's directions as to food must be carried out implicitly. Sometimes a patient is put on a "fluid" or liquid diet. Milk is, of course, the basis of such a diet, alone or in various combinations with eggs, gruels, and broths. Fruit drinks are often included by the doctor's orders, and their food value may be increased by the use of eggs. When a patient is on a fluid diet, he usually takes a small quantity at frequent intervals of time.

What doctors call a "soft" or "semi-solid" diet includes fluid foods and also toasts, custards, whips, soufflés, gelatines, and ice-cream.

When the doctor calls for a "light" or "convalescent" diet, he means simple, easily digestible things, such as would be given to a healthy child, but no fried foods and nothing rich or heavy.

When first taken ill, an adult may often, without harm, fast for a day or two; the body usually has enough material on hand to last thus long. During this period, if the patient does fast, the digestive organs have a chance to rest. But any long-continued illness requires that the patient be carefully fed with the right kinds of food.

Many times an individual is slightly ill when it is not necessary to call the doctors; and yet when special care with food would help towards a rapid recovery. In the case of colds, for instance, which are usually contracted because the individual is slightly below par, the first thing to do is to maintain a laxative diet of low fuel value for about twenty-four hours. This means an increased quantity of fruits and vegetables, no fats nor sugars, only small amounts of starch. When the system has become cleared through the bowels, this diet should be followed by one that will build up the strength of the body. Extra fats should be used in the form of butter, cream, salad oil, and bacon fat.

Care should of course be taken to use only foods that are easily digested, not those which would again clog up the system.

In cases where the digestive tract itself is not working properly, it is well to avoid all food whatever for a day or so, or to use only those foods that are very light and easy to digest, such as thoroughly dried toast and broths, particularly mutton broth in which rice has been cooked. The diet may then be gradually increased, beginning with simple foods of the semi-solid diet, avoiding sugars and rich foods, and using fruits and vegetables very cautiously; those are apt to be irritating to the intestinal tract.

Where we have a disease in which the patient must be confined to the bed for several weeks, care must be taken to prevent the wasting of the tissues which is due both to the disease and to lack of food. The food that is given must be of an easily digested sort. In the case of typhoid fever, the seat of the disease is the intestinal tract, so the food given must be of such a kind that it can be largely digested in the stomach and leave very little waste to be disposed of by the intestines. The best results have been obtained by giving patients milk, the fuel value of which has been increased by the addition of cream and *milk* sugar. Broths are also given, cream soups, and fruit juices in large quantities. The patient is fed at two-hour intervals.

With tuberculosis we have a disease in which there is a large wasting away of tissue. This must be counterbalanced by an excess of food eaten. At the same time it is important not to upset the digestive tract by this excess of food. It is customary to feed the patient as much as possible until he has regained his normal weight. Then, in order to maintain the normal weight, it is necessary that he should eat a third more in fuel value than would be his normal diet in health. This is usually made up by the free use of milk, eggs, and fats.—*Adapted from "Food Facts for the Home-maker," by Lucile Stimson Harvey, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.*

"I hear all the men have gone on strike." "What have they struck for?" "Shorter hours." "Well, I always said as how sixty minutes was too long for an hour." —*Westminster Gazette.*

Henry Ward Beecher, when asked what he did if people in his congregation went to sleep, replied, "My sexton has standing orders that when anybody goes to sleep in the pews, he must at once come to the pulpit and wake up the preacher."

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS.

("A bit of nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.")

There was once an ass whose master had made him carry sacks to the mill for many a long year, but whose strength began at last to fail. Each day, as it came, found him less capable of work. Then his master began to think of putting him out of the way. But the clever ass guessed that something was in the wind, and one night he got up and ran off, taking the road to Bremen, where he thought he might get a job as a town musician.

When he had gone a little distance he found an old hound lying by the side of the road. The poor beast was panting as if he had run a long way.

"Now, then, my friend," said the ass, "why are you so out of breath?"

"Oh, dear," replied the dog, "I have been a famous hunter in my time, but now I have no longer strength for that. I have decided to leave my old master, who does not understand how it is with me, and begin earning a living in some other line of work; but, to tell you the truth, I don't exactly know what I can do."

"I will tell you what," said the ass as cheerfully as could be. "I am going to Bremen to become a musician; you may as well go along with me and take up music too. I will play the guitar and you can beat the drum."

"A splendid idea, that," declared the dog, with new courage. "All right, I'll go." And the two walked on together towards Bremen.

It was not long before they came to a cat, sitting in the middle of the road and looking as dismal as three wet days in a row. "Well," inquired the friendly ass, "what may be the matter with you, good neighbor?"

The cat was still a little sulky. "I'd like to know how anybody could be cheerful when all her fun is over! Now that I am old and my teeth are blunt, those impudent mice do exactly as they please about the house, and I get all the blame for their pranks. My mistress says I am not worth house-room; she forgets all the service I have done her in years gone by." And the poor cat looked as if she were about to cry. "Good advice is scarce and very expensive. I declare, I don't know what on earth to do."

"I know! Come along with us to Bremen," proposed the confident ass. "You shall be one of our band of town musicians, because you know how to sing serenades."

The cat thought well of the idea. She took just a few moments to wash her face in preparation for the journey, and then the three companions proceeded together along the road.

Presently the travellers passed a yard with a high wall and a gate in the wall. A fat cock sat on the gate, crowing with all his might. "What are you about there?" called the ass; "it isn't yet time for crowing. You will waken the whole village."

"I am trying to do a whole year's crowing in one night," explained the cock. "Next Sunday there is to be company to dinner and I suspect they will be treated to roast fowl, so naturally I want to have all the pleasure I can before Sunday."

"But why should you wait here until Sunday?" suggested the wise ass. "Join us who are going to Bremen to become town musicians. You will be a valuable member of our troupe; your powerful voice will add tremendously to our effects. Come on!"

"It really is a first-rate scheme," agreed the cock; and he promptly flew down from the gate and joined the others without needing any urging.

By-and-by they came to a thick forest beside the road and it looked like a good place to take a bit of rest. The ass and the dog lay down under a large tree; the cat got up among the tree branches; the cock flew to the topmost bough of all. From that point he looked off in all directions, and in the distance he saw a light. He called down to his companions that there must be a house where the light shone; might it not be a good idea to go to the house and ask for something to eat?

"With all my heart," agreed the dog. I was just wishing I had a good bone to gnaw."

So they set off in the direction of the house. When they reached the spot where the light shone from the window, they found themselves before a hut belonging to a band of robbers. The ass very softly went up close to the window and looked in.

"The robbers are having a great feast," he reported to his friends. "There is a big table inside, covered with every sort of fine thing to eat and drink; those robbers are certainly making themselves very comfortable."

"We could dispose of a good supper, ourselves," said the dog; and the cat and the cock agreed with him.

"But how can we get those robbers out of the house and away from the table, so as to give us a chance at the good things?" It was too big a problem for one brain, but they consulted together and formed a fine plan. The ass was to place his forefeet on the window-sill; the dog was to get on the ass's back; the cat was to climb on the dog's back; the cock was to fly up and perch on the cat's head. It was done, without the least particle of noise. . . .Then, at a given signal, they all began at once to practice the music they were to give in Bremen!

The ass brayed.

The dog barked, and howled.

The cat mewed.

The cock crowed with all his might and main.

But as their weight pressed against the window-sill and the window, the glass burst in!

Imagine if you can the terror of the wicked robbers. They did not stay to see what was really the matter, they felt so sure that evil spirits had taken possession of their hut. They ran for their lives, leaving the table full of food behind them.

The travelling musicians thought it a shame that the supper should be wasted, so they sat down and ate it every bit. Then they put out the light, and each sought a comfortable place to sleep. The ass went outside the door and lay on a heap of dry leaves. The dog curled himself up on a rug near the door. The cat found a cosey spot on the hearth close to the warm ashes. The cock flew to a beam that ran across the upper part of the room.

When midnight drew near the robbers thought it might be well to learn whether their strange visitor had gone. The robber captain sent one of the band to look the place over and bring a report.

The house was still as he drew near, and he thought things were probably all right. He went into the room in the dark, and saw the shining eyes of the cat by the hearth. Mistaking them for burning coals, he thrust a match right in the cat's face to light it. The cat, quite startled by this, flew at him, spitting and scratching. The robber cried out in terror and started to leave by the door; he trod on the dog's tail and the dog jumped up and bit him. As he was rushing away from the house, he ran against the ass, and the ass gave him a tremendous kick. The cock, up on the high beam, was awakened by the commotion, and screamed, *"Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o-o-o!"*

When the robber succeeded in reaching the rest of the band, he reported: "We can never in this world return to that horrible house. An old witch is in possession; I felt her hot breath and her long nails on my face. Close by the door some villain stabbed me with a knife; just outside, a queer, big

black monster hit me with a heavy club. And up on the roof somebody with a loud voice screamed for the police. No; we shall have to take ourselves off if we wish to save our lives."

And from that time forward the robbers never did return. The musicians lived there, and they liked the place so well that they gave up the idea of going to Bremen.—*From the German of the Grimm Brothers.*

ON MEMORIAL DAY.

Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack;
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation.

—*James Russell Lowell's Commemoration Ode.*

"Why did you strike the telegraph operator?" asked the magistrate of the man who was summoned for assault. "Well, sir, I gives him a telegram to send to my girl, and he starts readin' it. So of course I ups and gives him one."—*London Weekly.*

The critic seemed struck with the pictures in a certain studio. "This snow-storm painting is very fine indeed," he said to the artist. "It almost makes me feel cold to look at it." "Yes," it must be realistic," admitted the other. "A fellow got into my studio one day in my absence, looking at the picture, and unconsciously put on my fur overcoat before he went out."—*The Christian Register.*

A French magazine editor says he saw in a New York paper an advertisement to this effect: "A gentleman who has lost his right leg is desirous of making the acquaintance of some one who has lost the left leg, in order to become associated with him in the purchase of boots and shoes, size eight." Whereupon the observant Frenchman remarks, "An American may occasionally lose a leg but he never loses his head."—*The Ave Maria.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

BURIED CITIES AND STATES.

1. Hezekiah comes to-day to nurse three sick children.
2. He left town in August and stayed till October.
3. I can't rent one more room before December.
4. She fell, in spite of a low heel, in going downstairs.
5. I find I analyzed that all wrong.

—*Contributed.*

STING GAME.

1. Sting that cures fatigue.
2. Sting that cures hunger.
3. Sting that tidies your room.
4. Sting that browns your bread.
5. Sting that tries.

—*Selected.*

Answers to puzzles in the February number.

I. DUODENARY: 1. Dryden. 2. Hemans. 3. Pope. 4. Goldsmith. 5. Cowper. 6. Southey.

II. BURIED CITIES AND STATES: 1. Buffalo. 2. Maine. 3. Delaware. 4. Missouri. 5. Oregon.

III. NOVEL PUZZLE: 1. C-age—S-age. 2. H-ut—N-ut. 3. A-go—E-go. 4. R-ite—K-ite. 5. L-ast—C-ast. 6. E-t—I-t. 7. S-eer—D-eer.—*Charles Dickens.*

IV. WHAT ADDRESS: John Underwood, Andover, Mass.

V. HALF-SQUARE:
M A I N E
A N N O
I N N
N O
E

An old lady, leaving church after a service which had been attended by a crowded congregation, was heard to say, "If only every one else would do as I do, and stay quietly in their seats till every one else has gone out, there would not be such a crush at the doors."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Subscriptions to this paper (50 cents per year) should be sent to The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be payable to The Cheerful Letter Exchange.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

To fill the unusual demand for copies of The Cheerful Letter, *it will be greatly appreciated by the Committee if friends will do personal canvassing during the year and bring in a list of new subscriptions. Many of our correspondents feel that they can no longer afford to subscribe, but deplore the loss of the paper.*

OFFERS.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

REQUESTS.

THE ATTENTION OF READERS IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied. Apply to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

STUDIES AT HOME.

The Home Study Committee of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is planning for more efficient work.

Our aim is to help in subjects in which one is deficient; to help one fit himself for a higher grade of work.

We have books used in the schools here, which can be used for supplementary work in the schoolroom or in the home.

Make all applications for this department to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

MUSIC.

The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and, now that there is more and more interest in "community singing" the calls for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.